A Woman Intervenes.

BY ROBERT BARR.

Author of "The Face and the Mask," "In the Midst of Alarms," &c.

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CHAPTER IX.

Most of the passengers awoke next morning with a bewildering feeling of vague apprehension. The absence of all motion in the ship, and unusual and intense silence, had a depressing effect. The engines had not yet started; that, at least, was evident. Kenyon was one of the first on deck. He noticed that the pumps were still working at their full speed, and that the steamer had still the ominous list to port. Happily, the weather continued good, so far as the quietness of the sea was concerned. A slight drizzle of rain had set in, and the horizon was not many miles from the ship. There would not be much chance of sighting another liner while such weather continued.

Before Kenyon had been many minutes on deck Edith Longworth came up the companionway. She approached him with a smile on her face.

"Well," he said, "you at least do not seem to be suffering any anxiety because of our situation."

"Really," she replied, "I was not thinking of that at all, but about something else. Can you not guess what it is?"

"No," he answered, hesitatingly, "What is it?"

"Have you forgotten that this is Sunday morning?"

"Is it? Of course it is. So far as I am concerned, time seemed to stop when the engines broke down. But I do not understand why Sunday means anything in particular."

"Don't you? Well, for a person who has been thinking for the last two or three days very earnestly on one particular subject, I am astonished at you. Sunday morning, and no land in sight! Reflect for a moment."

Kenyon's face brightened.

"Ah," he cried, "I see what you mean now. Miss Brewster's cable message will not appear in this morning's New York Argus."

"Of course it will not; and don't you see, also, that when we do arrive you will have an equal chance in the race. If we get in before next Sunday your telegram to the London people will go as quickly as her cable dispatch to New York; thus you will be saved the humiliation of seeing the substance of your report in the London papers before the directors see the report itself. It is not much, to be sure, but still it puts you on equal terms, while if we had got into Queenstown last night that would have been impossible."

Kenyon laughed.

"Well," he said, "for such a result the cause is rather tremendous, isn't it? It is something like burning down the house to roast the pig."

Shortly after 10 o'clock the atmosphere cleared and showed in the distance a steamer westward bound. It evidently belonged to one of the great ocean lines. The moment it was sited there fluttered up to the masthead a number of signal flags, and people crowded to the side of the ship to watch the effect on the outgoing vessel. Minute after minute passed, but there was no response from the other liner. People watched her with breathless anxiety, as though their fate depended on her noticing their signals. Of course, everybody thought she must see them, but still she steamed westward. A cloud of black smoke came out of her funnel and then a long, dark trail, like the tail of a comet, floated out behind, but no notice was taken of the fluttering flags at the masthead. For more than an hour the steamer was in sight; then she gradually faded away into the west and finally disappeared.

This incident had a very depressing effect on the passengers of the disabled ship. Although every officer had maintained that there was no danger, yet the floating away of that steamer seemed somehow to leave them alone, and people, after gazing toward the west until not a vestige of her remained in the horizon, went back to their deck chairs feeling more despondent than ever.

Fleming, however, claimed that if people were to drown, it was just as well to drown jolly as mournful, and so he invited everybody to take a drink at his expense, a generous offer, which all the habitues of the smoking room took advantage of.

"My idea is this," said Fleming, as he sipped the cocktail which was brought to him; "if anything happens, let it happen; if nothing happens, why, then, let nothing happen. There is no use worrying about anything, particularly something we cannot help. Here we are on the ocean in a disabled vessel. Very good; we cannot do anything about it, and so long as the bar remains open, gentlemen, here's to you!"

And with this cheerful philosophy the New York politician swallowed down the liquor he had paid for.

Still the swish of water from the pumps could be heard, but the metallic clanking of steel on steel no longer came up from the engine room. This in itself was ominous to those who knew. It showed that the engineer had given up all hope of repairing the damage, whatever it was, and the real cause of the disaster was as much a mystery as ever. Shortly before lunch it became evident to the people on board the ship that something was about to be done. The sailors undid the fastenings of one of the large boats, and swung it out on the davits until it hung over the sea.

Gradually rumor took form, and it became known that one of the officers and some of the crew were about to make an attempt to reach the coast of Ireland and telegraph to Queenstown for tugs to bring the steamer in. The captain still maintained that there was no danger whatever, and it was only to prevent delay that this expedient was about to be tried.

"Do you know what they are going to do?" cried Edith Longworth, in a state of great excitement, to John Kenyon.

Kenyon had been walking the deck with Wentworth, who had now gone below.

"I have heard," said Kenyon, "that they intend trying to reach the coast."

"Exactly. Now why should you not send a telegram to your people in London, and have the reports forwarded at once? The chances are that Miss Brewster will never think of sending her cablegram with the officer who is going to make the trip; then you will be a clear day or two ahead of her, and everything will be all right. In fact, when she understands what has been done, she probably will not send her own message at all."

"By George!" cried Kenyon, "that is a good idea. I will see the mate at once and find out whether he will take a telegram."

He went accordingly and spoke to the mate about sending a message with him. The officer said that any passenger who wished to send a telegraphic message would be at liberty to do so. He would take charge of the telegrams very gladly. Kenyon went down to his stateroom and told Wentworth what was going to be done. For the first time in days George Wentworth exhibited something like energy. He went to the steward and bought the stamps to put on the telegram while John Kenyon wrote it.

The message was given to the man, who put it into his inside pocket, and then Kenyon thought all was safe, but Miss Longworth was not so sure of that. Jennie Brewster sat in her deck chair, calmly reading her usual paper-covered novel. She apparently knew nothing of what was going on, and Edith Longworth, nervous with suppressed excitement, sat near her, watching her narrowly while preparations for launching the boat were being completed. Suddenly, to her horror, the deck steward appeared, and in a loud voice cried: "Ladies and gentlemen, anyone wishing to send telegrams to friends have a few minutes now to write them. The mate will take them ashore with him and will send them from the first office that he reaches. No letters can be taken, only telegrams."

Miss Brewster looked up languidly from her book during the first part of this recital. Then she sprang suddenly to her feet and threw the book on the deck.

"Who is it that will take the telegrams?" she asked the steward.

"The mate, miss. There he is standing yonder, miss."

She made her way quickly to that official.

"Will you take a cable dispatch to be sent to New York?"

"Yes, miss. Is it a long one?" he asked.

"Yes, it is a very long one."

"Well, miss," was the answer, "you haven't much time to write it. We leave now in a few minutes."

"It is all written out. I have only to add a few words to it." Miss Brewster at once flew to her stateroom. The telegram about the mine was soon before her with the words counted, and the silver and gold that were to pay for it piled on the table. She resolved to run no risk of delay by having the message sent "to collect." Then she dashed off, as account of the disaster which had overtaken the Caloric. If this account was slightly exaggerated, Miss Brewster had no time to tone it down. Picturesque and dramatic description was what she aimed at. Her pen flew over the paper with great rapidity, and she looked up every now and then, through her stateroom window, to see dangling from the ropes the boat that was to make the attempt to reach the Irish coast.

She Came Directly at Him With Her Fist Clenched.

The Convivial Flemming.

As she could thus see how the preparations for the departure were going forward, she lingered longer than she might otherwise have done, and added line after line to the dispatch which told of the disaster. At last she saw the men take their places in the long boat. She hurriedly counted the words in the new dispatch she had written, and quickly from her purse plied the gold that was necessary to pay for their transmission. Then she sealed the two dispatches in an envelope, put the two piles of gold into one, after rapidly counting them again, cast a quick look up at the still, motionless boat, grasped the gold in one hand, the envelope in the other, and sprang to her feet, but as she did so she gave a shriek and took a step backward.

Standing with her back to the door was Edith Longworth. When she had entered the stateroom Miss Brewster did not know, but her heart beat wildly as she saw the girl standing silently there, as if she had risen up through the floor.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I am here" said Miss Longworth, "because I wish to talk with you."

"Stand aside; I have no time to talk with you just now. I told you I didn't want to see you again. Stand aside, I tell you."

"I shall not stand aside."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I shall not stand aside."

"Then I shall ring the bell and have you thrust out of here for your impudence."

"You shall not ring the bell," said Edith calmly, putting her hand over the white china arrangement that held in its center the black electric button.

"Do you mean to tell me that you intend to keep me from leaving my own stateroom?"

"I mean to tell you exactly that."

"Do you know that you can be imprisoned for attempting such a thing?"

"I don't care."

"Stand aside, you vixen, or I will strike you."

"Do it."

For a moment the two girls stood there, the one flushed and excited, the other apparently calm, with her back against the door, and her hand over the electric button. A glance through the window showed Miss Brewster that the mate had got into the boat, and that they were steadily lowering away.

"Let me pass, you—you wretch!"

"All in good time," replied Edith Longworth, whose gaze was also upon the boat swinging in midair. Jenny Brewster saw at once that if it came to a hand-to-hand encounter she would have no chance whatever against the English girl, who was in every way her physical superior. She had her envelope in one hand and the gold in the other. She thrust both of them into her pocket, which, after some fumbling, she found. Then she raised her voice in one of the most appalling screams Edith Longworth ever heard. As if in answer to that ear-piercing scream, there rose from the steamer a loud and ringing cheer. Both glanced up to see where the boat was, but it was not in sight. Several ropes were dangling down past the porthole. Miss Brewster sprang up on the sofa, and with her small hands turned round the screw which held the deadlight closed.

Edith Longworth looked at without making any attempt to prevent the unfastening of the window.

Jenny Brewster flung open the heavy brass circle which held the thick green glass, and again she screamed at the top of her voice, crying "Help!" and "Murder!"

The other did not move from her position. In the silence that followed the steady splash of oars could be heard, and again a rousing cheer rang out from those who were left upon the motionless steamer. Edith Longworth raised herself on tip toe and looked out of the open window. On the crest of a wave, 500 yards away from the vessel, she saw the boat for a moment appear, showing the white glitter of her six dripping oars; then it vanished down the other side of the wave into the trough of the sea.

"Now, Miss Brewster, you are at liberty to go."

CHAPTER X.

After Edith Longworth left her Jenny Brewster indulged in a brief spasm of hysterics. Her good sense, however, speedily got her out of that, and as she became more or less calm she began to wonder why she had not assaulted the girl who had dared to imprison her. She dimly remembered that she thought of a fierce onslaught at the time, and she also remembered that her fear of the boat leaving during the row had stayed her hand. But now that the boat had left she bitterly regretted her inaction, an dgrieved unavailingly over the fact that she had stopped to write the account of the disaster which befell the Caloric. Had she not done so, all might have been well, but her great ambition to be counted the best newspaper woman in New York, and to show the editor that she was equal to any emergency that might arise, had undone her. While it would have been possible for her to send away one telegram, her desire to write the second had resulted in her sending none at all. Although she impugned her own conduct in language that one would not have expected to have heard from the lips of a daughter of a millionaire, her anger against Edith Longworth became more intense, and a fierce desire to have revenge took possession of the fair correspondent.

She resolved that she would go up on deck and shame this woman before everybody. She would attract public attention to the affair by tearing Edith Longworth from her deck chair, and in her present state of mind she had no doubt she had the strength to do it. With the yearning for revenge fierce and strong upon her, the newspaper woman put on her hat and departed for the deck. Like an enraged tigress, she passed up one side and down the other, but her would-be victim was not visible. The rage of Miss Brewster increased when she found her prey was not where she expected. She had a fear that when she calmed down her good sense would assert herself, and her revenge would be lost. In going to and fro along the deck she met Kenyon and Fleming walking together. Fleming had just at that moment come up to Kenyon, who was moodily pacing the deck alone, and, slapping him on the shoulder, asked him to have a drink.

"It seems to me," he said, "that I never have had the pleasure of offering you a drink since we came on board the ship. I want you to drink with everybody who is here, and especially now, when something has happened to make it worth while."

"I am very much obliged to you," said John Kenyon coldly, "but I never drink with anybody."

"What, never touch it at all? Not even ale?"

"Not even ale."

"Well, I am astonished to hear that. I thought every Englishman drank ale."

"There is at least one Englishman who does not."

"All right, then, no harm done, and no offense given. I hope. I may say, however, that you miss a lot of fun in this world."

"I presume I miss a few headaches, also."

"Oh, not necessarily. I have one great recipe for not having a headache. You see, this is the philosophy of headaches," and then, much to John's chagrin, he linked arms with him and changed his step to suit Kenyon's, talking all the time as if they were the most intimate friends in the world.

"I have a sure plan for avoiding a headache. You see, when you look into the matter, it is this way. The headache only comes when you are sober. Very well, then. It is as simple as A B C. Never get sober; that's the way I do. I simply keep on and never get sober, so I have no headaches. If people who drink would avoid the disagreeable necessity of ever getting sober, they would be all right. Don't you see what I mean?"

"And how about their brains in the meantime?"

"Oh, their brains are all right. Good liquor sharpens a man's brains wonderfully. Now, you try it some time. Let me have them mix a cocktail for you. I tell you, John, a cocktail is one of the finest drinks that ever was made, and this man at the bar, when I came on board, he thought he could make a cocktail, but he didn't know even the rudiments. I have taught him how to do it, and I tell you that secret will be worth a fortune to him, because if there is anything Americans like it is to have their cocktails mixed correctly. There's no one man in all England can do it, and very few men on the Atlantic service. But I am gradually educating them. Been across six times. They pretend to give you American drinks over in England, but you must know how disappointing they are."

"I'm sure I don't see how I should know, for I never taste any of them."

"Ah, true; I had forgotten that. Well, I took this barkeeper here in hand, and he knows now how to make a reasonably good cocktail; and, as I say, that secret will be worth money to him from American passengers."

John Kenyon was revolving in his mind the problem of how to get rid of this loquacious and generous individual, when he saw, sailing down upon them, the irate figure of Miss Jenny Brewster, and he wondered what was the cause of the look of bitter indignation flashing from her eyes. He thought that she intended to address the American politician, but he was mistaken. She came directly at him, and, with her fist clenched, said in a loud voice:

"Well, John Kenyon, what do you think of your work?"

"What work?" asked the bewildered man.

"You know very well what work I mean. A fine specimen of a man you are! Without the courage yourself to prevent my sending that telegram, you induced your dupe to come down to my stateroom and brazenly keep me from sending it."

The look of utter astonishment that came upon the face of honest John Kenyon would have convinced any woman in her senses that he knew nothing at all of what she was speaking. A dim idea of this indeed flashed across the young woman's heated brain. But before she could speak Fleming said:

"Tut, tut, my dear girl, you are talking too loud altogether. Do you want to attract the attention of everybody on the deck? You mustn't make a scandal in this way on board ship."

"Scandal!" she cried. "We will soon see whether there will be a scandal or not. Attract the attention of those on deck! That is exactly what I am going to do, until I show up the villainy of this man you are talking to. He was the concoctor of it, and he knows it. She never had brains enough to think of it. He was too much of a coward to carry it out himself, and so he set her to do his dastardly piece of work."

"Well, well," said Fleming, "even if he has done all that, whatever it is, it will do no good to attract attention to it here on deck. See how everybody is listening to what you are saying. My dear girl, you are too angry to talk just now; the best thing you can do is to go to your stateroom."

"You shut your silly mouth, will you?" she cried, turning furiously upon him. "I'll thank you to mind your own business and let me attend to mine. I should have thought that you would have found out before this that I am capable of attending to my own affairs."

"Certainly, certainly, my dear girl," answered the politician, soothingly; "I'm sorry I can't get you all to come and have a drink with me and talk this matter over quietly. That's the correct way to do things. Not to stand here screeching on the deck, with everybody listening. Now if you will quietly discuss the matter with John here, I'm sure everything will be all right."

"You don't know what you are talking about," replied the young lady. "Do you know that I had an important dispatch to send to the Argus, and that this man's friend, doubtless at his instigation, came into my room and practically held me prisoner there until the boat left, so that I could not send the dispatch? Think of the cheek and villainy of that, and then speak to me of talking wildly!"

A look of relief and astonishment came into Kenyon's face that quite convinced the newspaper woman more than all his protestations would have done that he knew nothing of the escapade whatever.

"And who kept you from coming out?" asked Fleming.

"It is none of your business," she replied tartly.

"If you will believe me," said Kenyon at last, "I knew nothing whatever of all this, so you see there is no use speaking to me about it. I won't pretend I am sorry, because I am not."

This added fuel to the flames, and she was about to blaze out again when Kenyon turned on his heel and left her and Fleming standing facing each other. Then the young woman herself turned and quickly departed, leaving the astonished politician entirely alone, so that there was nothing for him to do but to go into the smoking room and ask somebody to have a drink with him, which he promptly did.

Miss Brewster made her way to the captain's room and rapped at the door. On being told to enter, she found that officer seated at his table with some charts before him, and a haggard look upon his face, which might have warned her that this was not the proper time to air any personal grievances.

"Well?" he said, briefly, as she entered.

"I came to see you, Captain," she began, "because an outrageous thing has been done on board this ship, and I desire reparation—what is more, I will have it."

"What is the outrageous thing?" asked the Captain.

"I had some dispatches to send to New York to the New York Argus, on whose staff I am."

"Yes," said the Captain with interest; "dispatches relating to what has happened to the ship?"

"One of them did, the other did not."

"Well, I hope," said the Captain, "you have not given an exaggerated account of the condition we are in."

"I have given no account at all, simply because I was prevented from sending the cablegram."

"Ah, indeed," said the Captain, a look of relief coming over his face in spite of his efforts to conceal it, "and pray, what prevented you from sending your cablegrams? The mate would have taken any messages that were given to him."

"I know that," cried the young woman; "and when I was in my room writing the last of the dispatches, a person who is on board as a passenger here—Miss Longworth—came into my room and held me prisoner there until the boat had left the ship."

The Captain arched his eyebrows in astonishment.

"My dear madam," he said, "you make a very serious charge. Miss Longworth has crossed several times with me, and I am bound to say that a more well-behaved young lady I never had on board my ship."

"Extremely well-behaved, she is!" cried the correspondent angrily. "She stood against my door and prevented me from going out. I screamed for help, but my screams were drowned in the cheers of the passengers when the boat left."

"Why did you not ring your bell?"

"I couldn't ring my bell because she prevented me. Besides, if I had reached the bell, it is not likely anybody would have answered it; everybody seemed to be gawking after the boat that was leaving."

"You can hardly blame them for that. A great deal depends on the safety of that boat. In fact, if you come to think about it, you will see that whatever grievance you may have, it is, after all, a very trivial one compared to the burden that weighs on me just now, and I very much prefer not to have anything to do with disputes between the passengers until we are out of our present predicament."

"The predicament has nothing whatever to do with it. I tell you a fact. I tell you that one of your passengers came and imprisoned me in my stateroom. I come to you for redress. Now, there must be some law on shipboard that takes the place of ordinary law on land. I make this demand officially to you. If you refuse to hear me, and refuse to redress my wrong, then I have a large republic to which I can appeal, through my paper, and, perhaps, there will also be a chance of obtaining justice through the law of the land to which I am going."

"My dear madam," said the captain, calmly, "you must not use threats to me. I am not accustomed to be talked to in the way you have taken upon yourself to speak. Now, tell me what it is you wish me to do."

"It is for you to say what you will do. I am a passenger on board this ship, and am supposed to be under the protection of its captain. I, therefore, tell you I have been forcibly detained in my stateroom, and I demand that the person who did this shall be punished."

"You say that Miss Longworth was the person who did this?"

"Yes, I do."

"Now, do you know you make a very serious charge against that young lady? A charge that I find it very difficult to believe. May I ask you what reason she had for doing what you say she has done?"

"That is a long story. I am quite prepared to show that she tried to bribe me not to send a dispatch, and finding herself unsuccessful, she forcibly detained me in my room until too late to send the telegram."

The Captain pondered over what had been said to him.

"Have you any proof of this charge?"

"Proof! What do you mean? Do you doubt my word?"

"I mean exactly what I say. Have you anything to prove the very serious charge you bring?"

"Certainly not. I have no proof. If there had been a witness there, the thing would not have happened. If I could have called for help it would not have happened. How could I have any proof of such an outrage?"

"Well, do you not see that it is impossible for me to take action on your unsupported word? Do you not see that if you take further steps in this extraordinary affair, Miss Longworth will ask you for proof of what you state? If she denies acting as you say she did, and you fail to prove your allegation, it seems to me that you will be in rather a bad predicament. You would be liable to a suit for slander. Just think the matter over calmly for the rest of the day before you take any further action upon it, and I would strongly advise you to mention this to nobody on board. Then, if to-morrow you are still in the same frame of mind, come to me."

Thus dismissed, the young woman left the captain's room and met Fleming just outside, who said:

"Look here, Miss Brewster, I want to have a word with you. You were very curt with me just now."

"Mr. Fleming, I do not wish to speak to you."

"Oh, that's all right; that's all right; but let me tell you this: You're a pretty smart young woman, and you have done me one or two very evil turns in your life. I have found out all about this affair, and it's one of the funniest things I ever heard of."

"Very funny, isn't it?" snapped the young woman.

"Of course, it's very funny; but when it appears in full in the opposition papers to the Argus, perhaps you won't see the humor of it, though everybody else in New York will, that's one consolation."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean to say, Jenny Brewster, that unless you are a fool you will drop this thing. Don't for heaven's sake let anybody know you were treated by an English girl in the way you were. Take my advice, say no more about it."

"And what business is it of yours?"

"It isn't mine at all; that is why I am meddling with it. Aren't you well enough acquainted with me to know that nothing in the world pleases me so much as to interfere in other people's business? I have found out all about the girl who kept you in, and a mighty plucky action it was, too. I have seen that girl on the deck, and I like cut of her jib. I like the way she walks. Her independence suits me. She is a girl who wouldn't give a man any trouble, now I tell you, if he were lucky enough to win her. And I am not going to see that girl put to any trouble by you, understand that!"

"And how are you going to prevent it, may I ask?"

"May you ask! Why, of course you may. I will tell you how I am going to prevent it. Simply by restraining you from doing another thing in the matter."

"If you think you can do that you are very much mistaken. I am going to have that girl put in prison, if there is a law in the land."

"Well, in the first place, we are not on land, and, in the second place, you are going to do nothing of the kind; because, if you do, I shall go to the London correspondents of the other New York papers and give the whole blessed snap away. I'll tell them how the smart and cute Miss Dolly Dimple, who has bamboozled so many persons in her life, was once caught in her own trap; and I shall inform them how it took place. And they'll be glad to get it, you bet! It will make quite interesting reading in the New York opposition papers some fine Sunday morning—about a column and a half, say. Won't there be some swearing in the Argus office when that appears? It won't be your losing the dispatch you were going to send, but it will be your utter idiocy in making the thing public, and letting the other papers onto it. Why, the best thing in the world for you to do, and the only thing, is to keep as quiet about it as possible. I am astonished at a girl of your sense, Dolly, making a public fuss like this, when you should be the very one trying to keep it quiet."

The newspaper correspondent pondered on these words.

"And if I keep quiet about it, will you do the same?"

"Certainly, but you must remember that if ever you attempt any of your tricks of interviewing on me again, out comes this whole affair. Don't forget that."

"I won't," said Miss Jenny Brewster. And next morning, when the Captain was anxiously awaiting her arrival in his room, she did not appear.

To be continued.

English Stage as Mr. Bapst Tells It.

One day Miss Nelgime, an actress whom we should have some difficulty in recognizing but for the following not wholly individualizing qualification, "maitresse du Roi Charles II," played St. Catherine, and said to those about to lift her body after her martyrdom: "Arretez, chiens maudits! Je dois me lever et reciter l'epilogue." (Stop, ye accursed hounds! I must get up here and recite the epilogue.)—Athenaeum.

Modern.

Lady (in a book store)—I would like one of the classics.

Clerk—Certainly; which may I give you?

Lady—One with a red binding.—Fliegende Blatter.

New Method of Preparing an Important Compound.

One of the most valuable light-giving constituents of common coal-gas is acetylene, but it is present in such gas only in very small quantity. Acetylene is composed of twelve-thirteenths carbon and one-thirteenth hydrogen. When burned in air from a common gas jet, acetylene produces a smoky flame, but from a properly selected burner its flame is smokeless and emits more light than that of any other gas.

A new method of preparing acetylene promises to give this gas a great future as an illuminant. This method, but recently developed, consists in heating together in an electric furnace, powdered chalk or lime, and some form of finely divided carbon, coal or charcoal. At the temperature of the furnace calcium carbide is formed. This is a dark gray solid, resembling in appearance an impure mineral coal. It is composed of five-eighths calcium and three-eighths carbon. When thrown into water, double decomposition results, the calcium combining with the oxygen of the water, and the carbon uniting with the hydrogen and forming acetylene, which escapes from the water with violent ebullition and may be readily collected in any suitable receiver.

The solid calcium carbide can be transported without special precaution other than it be kept dry. The consumer supplied with the carbide will be able to manufacture his own gas by simply immersing the carbide in water. A receiver for storing the gas will be about all the plant necessary. Suitable burners for acetylene will need to be slight modifications of the common jet, so as to supply the exact proportion of air, otherwise the flame will smoke. The writer, by using the common Bunsen burner, was able to so regulate the supply of air and gas as to produce a pure white flame of great brilliancy, almost insupportable to the eye. Acetylene has a peculiar, penetrating odor, so that any leakage of the gas would be immediately detected.

One pound of pure calcium carbide will yield five and a half cubic feet of acetylene, measured at 0. C., and atmospheric pressure. If it be true, as stated, that the calcium carbide can be manufactured at twenty dollars per ton, computation shows that under equally favorable conditions the cost of GOOD LIGHT, twenty-five candle power, from acetylene would be about one-third of that from coal gas when the latter sells at FIFTY CENTS PER ONE THOUSAND FEET (or 16c. per 1,000 feet).

The preparation of acetylene from the mineral elements has long been of great theoretical interest, because it is the first step in the production of organic substances from the inorganic. Benzine, naphthalene, and ethylene may be readily manufactured from acetylene. From benzine we obtain that wonderful series of aniline colors and dyes. Ethylene can be converted into alcohol, and from alcohol many other organic substances can be produced.

The preparation of acetylene has heretofore been too expensive to make it of practical importance, but the new method places the gas within the range of commercial use, both by itself and as the basis for the building up of other compounds. The most fertile promise, however, is the possibility of isolated gas-lighting.

S. E. TILLMAN, Prof. U. S. M. A.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine, June, 1895.

Knew Her Ankles Were Pretty.

A little tot, whose mother is a well-known dancer and who can do a turn in a parlor quite as gracefully as her mother can do on the stage, came in the other evening in a new dress. Those present complimented her on her appearance but she showed her dissatisfaction.

"I don't like it a bit," said she, giving the new dress a skirt dancer's swirl.

"Why not?" we all inquired.

"'Cause it doesn't show my pretty ankles," she replied.—New York Herald.

Not Interested.

They were telling of books that they had read, and the man with the forehead asked what the other thought of "The Origin of the Species."

The other said he hadn't read it. "In fact," he added, "I'm not interested in financial subjects."—Boston Transcript.

Does Charon Use a Steam Launch?

Death shrugged his shoulders.

"Pale horse?" he repeated. "Not for six or eight months past. Aluminum bicycle."—Detroit Tribune.